

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

VOLUME V.

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio, in Swallow's Building, one door below O. Branch & Co's.

H. G. SIMPSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio, in Swallow's Building, one door below O. Branch & Co's.

T. W. HAMPTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Kyngerville, (Jaila County, Ohio, Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

KNOWLES & GROVES, Attorneys at Law, Athens, Adams County, O., will attend the several Courts of Meigs County, on the first day of each term. Office at the Union House.

MARION HAYS, Attorney-at-Law, Harrison, Meigs Co., O., will promptly attend to all business that may be entrusted to his care, in the several Courts of Ohio, in the U. S. Court for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio.

W. R. BOWEN, GOLDEN & TOWNSEND, Attorneys at Law, W. R. Golden's Office in Athens, O., and L. Townsend's in Pomeroy, Meigs Co., O. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to them.

E. HUTTON, County Surveyor, and Attorney at Law, Office in the Court House, Pomeroy, Ohio.

H. G. DANIEL, WM. P. RATHBURN, Bankers, corner Court and Second streets, Pomeroy, O.

W. A. AICHELE, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Union House," Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line.

T. WHITFIELD, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, three doors above stone bridge, The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

SAGARUN SALT COMPANY, Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. [1-1] C. CRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY, all twenty-five cents per bushel. [1-1]

DANNEY SALT COMPANY, Cornport. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade. Postoffice Pomeroy, O. E. J. HORTON, Secy.

ISAAC FALKNER, Dealer in Groceries and Dry Goods, corner Court and Second streets, Pomeroy, Ohio. Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of Groceries at a low and confident price. 1-23

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lam ore's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy, O. 1-1

M. HARTNER, Carriage & Wagon Manufacturer, corner Front street, first corner below the Union House, Pomeroy, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-5-13

DENTISTRY, DR. D. C. WILEY, Dentist, Office on Court Street, one door below McQuigg & Smith's Leather Store. Work warranted. 5-21-y

DR. EARLY, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, Gallipolis, O., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Pomeroy and Meigs County.

On account of the increase of business in Gallipolis, it is impossible for me to visit Pomeroy as frequently as I formerly did. I have, therefore, engaged a competent and experienced dentist to represent me in Pomeroy, and he will be pleased to attend to all cases of dental surgery, and will be at the Pomeroy Hotel, on Court Street, at the highest market price. 4-6-13

A. KOHL, Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrellas, He holds himself in readiness to make Umbrellas to order, or repair old ones in the most substantial manner. He will also be at the Pomeroy Hotel, on Court Street, at the lowest cash price. 4-6-13

He would also inform the public that he prepares a SALVIA, which he will warrant equal to any in use, for the cure of Pains, Catarrhs, Burns, Sprains, Cuts, Salt Rheum, Ring Worms, Rheumatism, White Swellings, and many other diseases of the kind. Price, 25 cents per Box. Jan. 3, 1860. 3-14-6

L. B. MOORE, Saddle, Harness and Drunk Manufacturer, KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND, and will manufacture to order, all of the various articles usually manufactured in such establishments. He calls particular attention to his Harness making, and "defies the world" on fancy mounted double or single Harness. Do not fail to give me a call, in my shop on Court Street, at the lowest cash price. 4-6-13

DR. JOHN ELBEN, Homeopathic and Hydropathic Physician, Residence in C. Grant's House, near the Catholic Church, where he keeps office hours as follows: Mornings till 9 o'clock; evenings, from 1 to 3 o'clock; evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock. Office, near the Catholic Church, where he keeps office hours as follows: Mornings till 9 o'clock; evenings, from 1 to 3 o'clock; evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock. Word being left at P. Lamore's Jewelry Store, upon which, will receive prompt attention. 4-6-13

Lime, Cement & Plaster Paris PERSONS wishing to purchase any of the above articles, will find it to their interest, before purchasing elsewhere, to call at the Pomeroy Wharf-Boat.

As a large supply is kept constantly on hand, and for sale, either by wholesale or retail, at the lowest cash price. January 1, 62-1y G. T. HODLEY.

GIBSON HOUSE, (Convenient to Steamboat Landings), POMEROY, OHIO. JAMES RALSTON, Proprietor.

Give me a call, and I will guarantee entire satisfaction. Attentive Porters and Hosts always in readiness. 5-17-0m

J. W. G. STACKPOLE, POMEROY, O., MANUFACTURES to order, of the best material and workmanship, Stationary Steam Engines, Saw and Grist Mill Cranks, Spindles, Gudgeons, Shafting Pulleys, Spur & Bevel Wheels, &c., &c.

Also Iron and Brass Castings, Forgings for Coal and Sift Works, and heavy Trip Hammer Forgings. Flows, Pumps, Wagon Boxes and Hollows were constantly on hand.

Repairing for Steamboats and Mills done at short notice. 4-12-1860. 40-1f

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

PUBLISHED BY

T. A. PLANTS & CO.

Office in first story of "Kemp's Building," near the "Singer Sewing Machine" Pomeroy, Ohio.

All Business of the Firm Transacted by A. B. McLAUGHLIN, Business Manager. To whom all applications for Subscriptions, Advertising and Job Work should be made, at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: In advance, \$1.00 per Annum. If paid within the year, 50c. If not paid within the year, 75c. If not paid within the year, 75c.

ADVERTISING: One square, 10 lines, 1 week, \$1.00. Two squares, 20 lines, 1 week, \$1.50. One square, 10 lines, 2 weeks, \$1.25. One square, 10 lines, 3 weeks, \$1.50. One square, 10 lines, 4 weeks, \$1.75. One square, 10 lines, 5 weeks, \$2.00. One square, 10 lines, 6 weeks, \$2.25. One square, 10 lines, 7 weeks, \$2.50. One square, 10 lines, 8 weeks, \$2.75. One square, 10 lines, 9 weeks, \$3.00. One square, 10 lines, 10 weeks, \$3.25. One square, 10 lines, 11 weeks, \$3.50. One square, 10 lines, 12 weeks, \$3.75.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the publisher, of their intention to discontinue their subscription, are liable for the full amount of their subscription. 2. If subscribers continue to send their papers after having been notified to discontinue, they are liable for the full amount of their subscription. 3. If subscribers remove to another place without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former address, the publisher is not responsible for the cost of postage.

TELEGRAPH JOB OFFICE. In connection with our Newspaper Establishment, we have a complete Job Office. We are therefore prepared to execute

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL JOB WORK, Such as Posters, Programs, Bills of Lading, Bill Heads, Business and Visiting Cards, Blanks, &c., &c.

CITY PRICES. We call the special attention of this community to the above proposition, and desire an investigation of our work and prices.

T. A. PLANTS & CO.

IRON STORE. KEEP constantly on hand, a general assortment of all kinds of Iron and Steel. For sale, wholesale and retail, at Pomeroy, Ohio. The highest price paid for Scrap Iron. 4-23-3m WM. LONG, Ag't.

A. SEEBOM, DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, HUSBANDS, Varnishes, Preservatives, Perfumery, and Fancy Articles, Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio. Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 9-2-2.

The Cheapest Store in Town! Corner Front and Spencere Streets, POMEROY, OHIO.

SIMON SILVERMAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS & NOTIONS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, AND GROCERIES.

Invites the public to his splendid stock, which he has recently received. It is unnecessary to particularize, but I will say that my stock is well selected and will be sold at prices unequalled. Jan. 24, 1860. 4-14-1f.

Grant & Co., HAVING formed a partnership under the above name, in the city of Pomeroy, Ohio, and in Middletown, design running it regularly from the 1st of January, 1860, to the 1st of January, 1861, at the lowest cash price. 4-14-1f.

Highest Market Price for Wheat, and other Grains and Hops by strict attention to business and receipt of a good patronage. 4-14-1f.

1862. 1862. Spring Dry Goods. PRICES REDUCED.

J. F. TOWELL, Wholesale Dealer in Dry Goods! Portsmouth, Ohio.

I AM NOW OPENING AN IMMENSE stock of Fresh Dry Goods, Hats and Yankee Notions, purchased at the lowest prices, and since the late decline. All cash buyers in the surrounding counties are invited to examine goods and prices before visiting the city, as I can and will sell low. J. F. TOWELL.

PLANING MILL, NO. 1. JOHN S. DAVIS, The Sugar Run Planing Mill, has a large assortment of Lumber, either rough or planed, on hand, which will be sold as low as any other establishment can afford to. As he is a practical mechanic, he will guarantee that his work will be executed in a manner to suit purchasers, and prices shall correspond to the quality of the material.

CHINA GLASS AND QUEENSWARE. We invite the attention of buyers, to our large and well selected stock of China and Glass, which we will receive additions during the spring. We sell, good styles and quantities of ware, lower than any other establishment in the West. We solicit an examination of our stock.

SUCCESSORS TO PIERCE & GORDON, 13-17, Front Street, Portsmouth, O.

SAM. SILVERMAN, Wholesale Dealer in LIQUORS, POMEROY, O. Orders respectfully solicited. 5-22-1f

APPRENTICES. THOSE wishing to take boys or girls at any age from infancy to 14 years, to live with them till of legal age, would be doing a public benefit by making known their wishes to Mr. Scott, Superintendent of the Infirmary, located in Chester, or to either of the Infirmary Directors. Feb. 7, 60-1f. M. BOSWORTH.

Poetry.

A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of music, Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an angel's Psalm, And it lay on my fevered spirit, With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow, Like love's overmastering strife; It seemed the harmonious echo From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace, And trembled away into silence As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord of music, That came from the soul of the organ, And entered into mine.

—Aldaide Anne Proctor.

AN ANGEL.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

A little pauper boy sat down on the curbstone, and tried to think. His feet were bare, red and cold; but never mind that. The chilly air penetrated his ragged garment; but never mind that. He wanted to think. Who are these people passing him, looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be so happy and cheerful, and he so sad? None of them had such heavy hearts, that he was sure of.

He looked up in the cold blue sky. "What was it and who lived up there?" Somebody had said once that God would take care of him. Where was God? Why didn't he take care of him? Oh, if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angels that the good men told him of when his mother died. Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see angels?

An organ grinder came near and took his stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat; but it didn't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of the music, and he felt so alone, so despairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away; he never heeded the little child sitting on the curbstone. He had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show to him—he was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse looking boys gathered behind him and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest, a small, thin, pale boy, came up and thrust, and over went the poor little homeless child into the gutter. One scream, one sob of anguish as he gathered himself up and looked after the boys, now flying away with shouts of merriment! Oh! how cruel it seemed in their—how cruel! The little hungry boy walked slowly on, sobbing and shivering. He didn't know what he was looking for, or why he was living. He felt out of place—a poor, little wayward spirit that had lost its way—a bruised reed that any one might break—a little heart so tender that a look was anguish, how much more a blow.

The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, stood far off, and a crowd of boys looking to him. There were cakes on a stand, and the poor little mouth of the homeless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny, and takes his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old man never offered him a morsel.

The tempter came. The old man's back was turned. A vile boy at his side—at the side of the homeless child—nudged his elbow.

"You take one," he whispered; "I'll give you half."

The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bearded eyes set his heart to beating.

"I tell you look one," whispered the boy. "I won't tell and we'll go away and eat it."

"I don't want to steal," said the homeless child.

"Oh, you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, and smote him in his eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment. A sob came up in his throat.

"Oh! what have I done to be treated so? There never, never was a God, or he would not let me suffer so, and that because I refused to be wicked?" I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavements suffered more than that little child. His heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there were great and sore injustices somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark, blinding pain still made his poor temples ring.

"Back! back! Good heavens! The child is under feet. Back! back!"

"Oh, mamma, it is our horses run over a poor little boy. Oh, mamma, mamma!"

"He hurt much, coachman?" The woman's face pale as ashes.

"Yes, he is hurt badly."

"Take him right in, don't wait; carry him right up stairs. It was your carelessness. The child shall be attended to."

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart to heal. How very white and quiet!

"Oh, a sweet face—a sweet, sweet face!" murmured the woman, bending over the boy; and tears fell upon his forehead, but he did not feel them.

"Oh, the poor little boy!" sobbed Nelly, "the poor little boy! I wish he had kept on the sidewalk; I wish he had staid at home with his mother."

Alas! in this world there was no mother to keep him.

The doctor came, said he was not dead, but would very likely die. There was a hospital near. The poor thing had better be sent there. But the good woman would not allow that. She would care for him herself, she said. He had been injured by one of her horses, and she felt it was her duty to attend to him. Besides it was likely the child had no mother. Such a boy as he, with a face so sweet and girlish, so pure and lovable, would never be sent on the streets like that, if he had a mother. Besides (and here her tears fell) there was a little mound not yet green over just such a child. No; no; it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away—let him stay, whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His glance fell wearily on his hands. There were white bands around his wrist, with ruffles on them. The bed was so snowy white, too, and a crimson light fell around everything.

"Dear God! I am in heaven," murmured the child. Yes, God will take care of me now."

What vision of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed? The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty. The beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

"Oh, yes, there is an angel," he said softly. "I am glad. They won't knock me over again; they won't want me to steal apples here; and perhaps I shall never die again. Now I want to see my mother."

"My dear boy, are you better this morning?" asked a low, soft voice.

"Is it mother?" he murmured.

"Oh, yes," and there were quick sobs and tears; "yes, my little child, I will be your mother and you shall be my son. Will you love me dearly?"

"Yes, I do love you mother; is it heaven?"

"Heaven! no darling, it is earth; but God sent you here to hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, you will be happy with. Kiss him Nelly."

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"Heaven! no darling, it is earth; but God sent you here to hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, you will be happy with. Kiss him Nelly."

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more muddy crusts, oaths, hard words and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half-finished to envy a dog gnawing a bone in the street. No more fear of rude calls, and no more sleeping on the steps, and listening in terror to drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes, the past was gone; and in the rosy future were love, home, even God and the angels. Certain sweet spirits had gathered about the youngest, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely hereafter he would put his hand trustfully in theirs, and turn his face heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The dear, tearful child—a jewel picked from the mine, a brand snatched from the burning—was yet to illuminate the dark paths of this world with his holy, heaven-like teaching. Like a dove he was to go forth over the world, and find the olive branch with which to garner his glad tidings. Blessings, then, on all who hold their arms out toward needy little children, making homes of refuge! Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing, for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a little child.

More Signs of Progress.

Richard Basted, heretofore known as a pro-slavery Democrat, made a speech at the late war meeting in New York, from which we give an extract.

We meet to inflame zeal, to inspire loyalty, and to declare to our President and his Cabinet that the City of New York is now a free city, and that the people of the country—free the spirit of this most wicked rebellion, by the prompt, free, fearless use of every and any means necessary to crush it at once and forever. (Great cheering.) What these means are, the Executive is charged with the responsibility of deciding, but, as he has in a recent letter, declared his readiness to hear suggestions, and to give them all proper consideration, I claim the right to embrace this occasion to say that it is my deliberate conviction that the cause of the rebellion is slavery, and that the cause and the effect must perish or survive in force together. ("Good, good!")

For one, I sincerely trust that the Republic will not be destroyed. ("That's the talk.") And I deny that this government, struck at, and attempted to be destroyed by the Slave Power, should do anything to preserve slavery as a stock in trade for a future rebellion. God has decreed that their sin shall perish with them, and that the Republic shall stand, and no man, not himself at heart tyrannical, dishonest and cruel, but will rejoice that the Republic of America is long to be disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation. All hail the day! (Great cheering.) In this connection, I have a word or two to say to men who, like myself, of Irish birth, have sought and found a home in the United States of America. It is supposed by some of my countrymen, and they have been taught to think so by bad, designing men of the class known as politicians, that if the emancipation of the black race should be one of the results of the war made upon us by the South, that the Republic would be immediately followed and a new and distasteful element of rivalry in labor be produced here, to the disadvantage of the white working-man. Now, this is simply absurd. No such consequence would or could follow from the freedom of the blacks. Residence is not a matter of more choice. It is controlled by great natural and philosophical laws, to the acceptance of which all men are held by an imperious necessity. Which of us could, for example, live in the heart of Ethiopia, although our revenue should be a million times what it is in the State of New York? So, the swarthy child of the torrid zones cannot live amid the snows of Northern latitudes. He never can enter their fields of labor as a competitor. The country is in imminent peril. Treason is rampant, and assaults the people and their rulers; citizens are being ruthlessly slain; homes and hearts are made desolate; constitutional obligations and compacts are whistled down the winds, and the sacred name of revolution perverted to the shameful use of treason and rebellion. Things not the time to discuss how far the government will be justified by the Constitution, or previously existing laws, in using this, that or the other, as a means of re-establishing the national authority and maintaining the national power. *Salus populi suprema lex esto.* Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Nor is this the time to regard the condition of the country from any political standpoint. In this hour party must be forgotten. There is a great fight on hand between democracy and aristocracy ("That's true"), between the privileges of the few and the rights of the multitude, between caste and republicanism, and he is the genuine Democrat who loves liberty more than slavery. The democracy that will not endure this test is spurious. My own position is easily declared. I was a Democrat. I am a loyal lover of my country, whose free institutions I do not care to outlive. ("Bravo!") I will be what her necessities, the convictions of my intellect, and the dictates of my conscience make me. If this be treason to party, party can make the most of it. ("Good," "good," and applause.)

A Queer Motive for Murder.

Crime in England indulges in strange eccentricities. A ploughman named Gardner, was recently hung at Warwick for the murder of Sarah Kirby. He confessed the deed; expressed no regret or compunction, and died as stoically as Socrates. On being asked to give a motive for the crime he said the girl "would never draw him the proper quantity of beer, and that vexed him!"

He did not take him long to make up his mind to kill her, and his manner of coming to a conclusion had something of the classic in it. He says he was ploughing in the field when the thought occurred to him whether or no Sarah had not better be put to death. This is how he solved the problem:

"I tried my luck in the field by throwing up the spud of the plough, which came down with the point in the earth. If it had fallen flat I should not have killed her, but as it came down with the point foremost, I left the field with the determination to do it."

The "confession" is a startling one, and the question whether a man who could have thus acted and reasoned was a "responsible moral agent," is being vigorously discussed.

The story reads like a passage from De Quincey's "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts."

Communicated.

For the Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph. HARTFORD CITY, Sept. 16, '62.

Mr. Editor:—There are a great many different theories all over the country, and among all classes of people, with regard to the policy the Government ought to adopt in suppressing this atrocious rebellion. This difference of opinion among the people arises chiefly from the fact that they differ widely with regard to the causes that have brought it about. Some say the tariff question; some say politicians and office-seekers; and some say that the Abolitionists are to blame for the whole thing.

Now, sir, without entering into any argument to show that the positions taken by the persons above referred to are false, we fearlessly assert, and the unprejudiced common sense of the people will sustain us in it, that it is not the tariff, neither is it politicians, office-seekers, nor Abolitionists that are responsible for the devastation and bloodshed that is now being brought about throughout the Southern section of this nation. It is found in one single cause, and in that alone—and that cause is slavery.

And whatever side-issues or incidental causes may be dragged into the argument, they nevertheless have their origin in one great, paramount, central idea, and that is slavery. If slavery had not had an existence, there would never have been any demands for free trade. If slavery had not existed, it could never have been dragged into the policies of the country. If slavery had not been involved, within itself, everything that is repulsive to the moral and enlightened sensibilities of the people, there would have been no Abolitionists; hence we say that slavery is the cause, and the only cause, and will be made responsible for all the dreadful calamities that are now being suffered by the nation. It is well known to every intelligent man, whose mind is unbiased by party prejudice and selfish motives, that, in consequence of the existence of this peculiar institution, there has also existed two discordant elements, possessing principles in their constitutions as widely different the one from the other as the north is from the south poles.

We mean the free and slave labor elements. These two elements can never be made to coincide, and the natural and inevitable results would be a constant and irrepressible conflict. You know that this constant irritation—this war of ideas—this difference of opinion among the people of this country with regard to the right or wrong of human slavery, has been in existence from the very dawn of our national being, and

has been growing in fierceness, intensity and magnitude, constantly, until it has finally culminated in the present civil war—one of the fiercest and most uncompromising, perhaps, the world has ever seen.

Then, sir, the great question before the American people to-day is, will you nationalize slavery and divide the Union, or will you destroy slavery and save the Union; and thus perpetuate our national existence, and honor and dignity the fathers of the Revolution, and the great principles that lie at the foundation of this noble superstructure?

If we could only succeed in convincing the people that this is the cause, and the only cause, of our difficulties, and that it is utterly impossible for us to have a perfect and permanent Union with slavery in our midst, we would then, so far as loyal persons are concerned, be a unit with regard to the policy pursued by the Administration in its efforts to sustain the dignity and honor of the Government, by overthrowing the rebellion. And it is a matter of the utmost astonishment, that men who never have had, nor never can have any interest in slavery, should raise any objections against the Administration, when its policy might incidentally effect an institution that is to-day contributing as much to aid the rebellion as a million able-bodied soldiers could do in arms in the field. An individual of that kind is either a secession sympathizer, and wants the rebellion to triumph, and the Union destroyed, or else his miserable old fogyism and party prejudice has so befogged and mystified his intellect, that he is utterly incapable of comprehending wherein the difficulty lies, or what the remedies are that should be applied.

W. W. H.

For the Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph. The Providences of God.

No. 2.

We pass the miraculous entrance of the people of Israel into the promised land, leaving the student of history to ponder over the various incidents of Providence, which attended the nation, a period of some nine hundred years, from Joshua, past the Judges, Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, with all of their wisdom and prosperity, until the people of Israel, in consequence of their wickedness, are taken captive to Babylon by the armies of Nebuchadnezzar.

This Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, appears visibly governed by a Providence to which he himself is an entire stranger, although it presides over all his deliberations, and determines all his actions.

Being come, at the head of his army, to two highways, the one of which led to Jerusalem, and the other to Rabbah, the chief city of the Ammonites, the king, not knowing which would be best for him to strike into, debates with himself for some time, and at last, casts lots. God makes the lot fall on Jerusalem, to fulfill the menace he had pronounced against that city; (Ezekiel, 21st chapter, 20th to 22d verses.) viz: to destroy it, to burn the temple and lead its inhabitants into captivity.

One would imagine, at first sight, that this king had been prompted to besiege Tyre from a political view, viz: that he might not leave behind him so powerful and well fortified a city; nevertheless, a superior will had decreed the siege of Tyre, (26th, 27th, 28th chapters of Ezekiel.)

God designed, on one side, to humble the pride of Ithobal, his king, who, fancying himself wiser than Daniel, whose fame was spread over the